But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe it in, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a himne,
With ſweeteſt tutches pearce your Miſtres eare,
And draw her home with Muſique. *Play Muſique.*

Ieſſi. I am never merry when I heare ſweet Muſique.

Loren. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For do but note a wilde and wanton heard,
Or race of youthfull and unhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hote condition of their bloud,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any ayre of muſique touch their eares,
You ſhall perceave them make a mutuall ſtand,
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of Muſique: therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since naught ſo ſtockiſh hard and full of rage,
But muſique for the time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no muſique in himſelfe,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoiles,
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Tenebris*:
Let no ſuch man be truſted: marke the muſique.

Enter Portia and Nerriſſa.

Por. That light we ſee is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candle throwes his beames:
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the Moon ſhone we did not ſee the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dimme the leſſe,
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King,
Untill a king be by, and then his ſtate
Empties it ſelfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: muſicke harke.

Ner. It is your muſicke Madame of the houſe.

Por. Nothing is good I ſee without reſpect,
Me thinks it ſounds much ſweeter then by day.

Ner. Silence beſtowes that vertue on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the Larke,
When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every Gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a Muſician then the Renne.
How many things by ſeaſon, ſeaſon'd are
To the right praiſe, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone ſleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awak'd.

Loren. That is the voyce,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia.*

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoe,
By the bad voyce.

Loren. Deere Lady welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands welfare,
Which ſpeed we hope the better for our words:
Are they return'd?

Loren. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Meſſenger before,
To ſignifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerriſſa*,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Ieſſica* nor you.

Loren. Your husband is at hand, I heare his trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Por. This night me thinks is but the day light ſicke,
It lookes a little paler, tis a day,
Such as the day is when the Sunne is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walke in abſence of the Sunne.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavie husband,
And never be *Baſſanio* ſo for me,
But God ſort all: you are welcome home my Lord.